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1825





GRATITUDE,

WITH OTHER

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Taylor, Green, & Littlewood, Printers, 15, Old Bailey.

GRATITUDE,

A Poetical Essay;

WITH OTHER

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

✓
BY CAPT. FELIX M'DONOGH,

LATE OF THE SECOND REGIMENT OF LIFE GUARDS.

AUTHOR OF "THE HERMIT IN LONDON,"
"THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY," "THE HERMIT ABROAD,"
"THE HIGHLANDERS," AND OTHER POPULAR WORKS.

✓
LONDON:
WILLIAM BOOTH, 32, DUKE STREET,
MANCHESTER SQUARE.

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TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,
TO
THE OFFICERS
OF
THE SECOND REGIMENT OF LIFE GUARDS,
AND TO THOSE OF
THE ROYAL ARTILLERY,
THESE TRIFLES IN VERSE
ARE HUMBLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED,
BY AN OLD SOLDIER,
AND THEIR OBLIGED SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

UTINAM promissa liceret non dare," were the words of Apollo to his presumptuous son Phaeton, after the former had made a rash promise. The same words are, I fear, too applicable to me, the hesitating and trepidating Author of these trifles in verse. Would that I could retract my pledge to publish! But gratitude forbids it: for how can I otherwise acknowledge the kind patronage, the benevolent feeling, and the timely assistance of those friends who have

given their support to this undertaking, more with a view to throw a ray of comfort over the gloom of adversity, than from any other intention whatever ?

Under this impression, this Work goes forth. None are aware of its imperfections more than myself; but as I have clad it in all humility and diffidence, and breathed upon it the warm incense of grateful expression, I trust that it will be indulgently received, and will be considered as a Work more proceeding from the heart than from the head (*il cor nelle parole*); and that, thus introduced, it may acquire an interest which might otherwise not be strictly due to it. Most of its materials have been winged thoughts, impromptu suggestions of feeling on different occasions and in

different circumstances, many of them in moments of suffering; so that where expression may be deficient, sensibility has, at least, been present; and although the Work be not entitled to the meed of praise, the kind reader may perhaps be inclined to believe, that it has not been entirely written *invita Minerva*.

the two Commissioners report on their
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GRATITUDE.

NOTTANO

GRATITUDE.

QUEEN of the Virtues ! though my lay be rude,
Thy praise I sing—celestial Gratitude :
Kindest impression which our nature knows,
The balm and solace of a thousand woes ;
The best inheritance by heart possess'd,
Which, blessing others, in itself is bless'd ;
The brightest ray in life's eventful storm,
Thee must I honour, whatsoe'er thy form :

Reward of lovers, treasure in a friend,
 First blush of reason, comfort in our end,
 Mute eloquence, to memory ever dear,
 Told in a smile, imparted in a tear,
 Convey'd in changeful cheek and humid eye,
 And oft affection's last, sole legacy,
 From Heav'n deriv'd, to Heaven ever due,
 But yet, alas ! the portion of the few.

THE INFANT.

By mother's snowy arms, the infant press'd,
 Fed, fondled, pillow'd on her downy breast,
 Awhilst her mild, inquiring looks may seek
 A father's likeness in its dimpled cheek,
 The eyes expand, the lips still wider part,
 The first fond tribute of a grateful heart ;
 Prime spark of virtue, genuine, refin'd ;
 True promise of an undirected mind ;

Language untaught, which pure from nature came,
 Before the tongue could lisp a mother's name.
 Oh ! may no worldly interest remove
 This first, best lesson, taught us from above !

THE CHRISTIAN.

In riper years, when more observing man
 Views the Creation's rich, extensive plan ;
 Ascends the mountain, treads the enamell'd plain,
 Admires the cataract, or boundless main,
 Courts the cool shade of stately, verdant trees,
 Pores o'er the brook, or pleasures in the breeze,
 Inhales the sweets of aromatic flower,
 Given from its bosom to the sunny hour ;
 Full of religious gratitude, he sighs,
 Inspir'd by thoughts which dwell beyond the skies ;
 To holy ecstasy he's forced to yield,
 And owns the God of nature, thus reveal'd.

THE LOVER.

Journeying onward, up the steep of time,
The bosom warm'd with feelings less sublime,
Some choice companion of our youth appears,
The admiration of our ardent years ;
Love's kindled flame the throbbing bosom fires,
A mutual flame at once the maid inspires ;
But downcast eyes and blushes yet conceal
A secret too important to reveal :
Yet oft betray'd by features when they meet,
And mark'd at parting by some accent sweet,
Whose sound is sadly soft and fondly dear,
Like maiden-blush, the tint of hope and fear ;
Uncertain each, the wooing and the woo'd,
The youth pursuing, and the maid pursued ;
'Till gratitude for kind attentions shewn,
And tender interest, twines their hearts in one :

Binds them in flowery wreaths, by fancy wove,
 The willing fetters forged by mutual love ;
 Which last till, blessing with a parting breath,
 The link is loosen'd by the hand of death !

THE SOLDIER.

The hardy soldier, travelling afar,
 'Midst all the dangers of protracted war,
 In hostile climates, such as Britons feel
 Scarce less destructive than the fatal steel ;
 Sever'd from friends and home, to all men dear,
 Expos'd to death, a stranger still to fear ;
 Where'er he serve, whatever be the earth,
 Grateful he names the land which gave him birth.
 Full of the thought, he sees his colours fly,
 Resolv'd for them to conquer or to die ;
 To brave the battle, or to stem the flood,
 To gain the victory, or shed his blood ;

To mount the breach, to place upon the wall
 St. George's banner, or with it to fall.
 For hope with glory ever is allied,
 The soldier's solace, and the soldier's pride ;
 It bids him think that, when the conflict's o'er,
 His deeds in arms may reach his native shore ;
 In some despatch, announcing England's fame,
 His grateful country may insert his name.

THE SAILOR.

Pois'd 'twixt the azure heav'n and briny deep,
 See the bold tar his lonely mid-watch keep ;
 Far, far from land, what nerves his dauntless soul,
 When tempests lower and mountain billows roll ?
 What steels his heart when clinging to the mast—
 What makes him brave the battle and the blast ?
 What gives him patience in each trying clime,
 In all privations and consuming time !

The hope that Providence, the sailor's friend,
 Will, kindly, not desert him to the end;
 That there's a saving pow'r, the clouds above —
 A realm of rest—a seat of bliss and love—
 A haven for the wreck'd—a last, safe shore,
 To anchor in, when time and care are o'er;
 When tears wiped off, and sorrows all subdued,
 Shall melt and mingle in soft gratitude.

THE POOR MAN.

Lo! where the poor man wends his weary way,
 To disappointments constantly a prey;
 See him, beset by sorrow and by strife,
 Pace out the remnant of a wretched life;
 Deserted, cut adrift from social tie,
 And left alone, the heir of misery;
 Or follow'd by one faithful, mourning mute,
 Which proves man more unfeeling than the brute,

The trusty dog, which, in his master's eye
 His sorrows marks, and proves his sympathy ;
 Looks sad with him, or, if content prevail,
 Gratefully frisks and wags his curly tail ;
 Watches his slumbers, tells when danger 's near,
 And walks dejected close behind his bier :
 Lessons like these too frequently we find,
 Shame and disgrace to beings bless'd with mind !

What bliss is his to whom the lot is given,
 To be, on earth, the treasurer of Heaven !
 More rich in charity than golden store,
 The agent, from on high, to aid the poor ;
 A chosen one, man's sufferings to allay,
 And chase the mourning of the heart away ;
 The pauper's friend, the prisoner's relief,
 The Christian, born to share a brother's grief ;
 To visit gloomy cells, however drear,
 Nor think the lowliest wretch beneath his care ;

To cheer the widow, the sad orphan keep,
 Bid the wretch trust in God, and cease to weep !
 Such souls are far above the world's regard,
 The poor man's blessing is their just reward :
 His grateful orisons, by night and day,
 Shall record bear, when time has pass'd away.

THE AUTHOR.

In rosy youth, when fancy wings her flight
 To untried regions, veil'd from mortal sight ;
 When glowing breast and eagle-soaring eye
 Ascend, in thought, to immortality ;
 Wrapt in devotion, warm'd by magic flame,
 The nursling muse first courts a poet's fame ;
 Lisps her young numbers, to invention dear,
 And, trembling, tries an essay, fraught with fear :
 Beholds, approves, rejects ; returns and tries
 The strain once more, as time with fancy flies ;

Then, full of hope, resumes the theme again,
 A constant source of pleasure and of pain ;
 Like infant love and cravings unpossess'd,
 A twilight thought, by which we dream the rest ;
 Such are the throbs and pangs of Authors' hearts,
 Who woo soft poesy by fits and starts ;
 By fits forsake her, till some vision flings
 A witchcraft o'er the brain — when straight his wing
 The Poet plumes, and tries, perhaps in vain,
 Parnassus' lofty summit to attain.
 If in ambition's flight he's doom'd to fall,
 Muse, measure, Poet, prospects, perish all !
 But should he chance a patron to engage,
 Should beauty's glances fall upon his page ;
 Should generous genius, feeling for his case,
 His little book upon his table place ;
 Indulgent to brother critic tell,
 " That hungry bard can rhyme it pretty well ;

“ That though the muses no great skill had lent,

“ The Poet’s heart and hand together went ;”

Grateful for this, he’d tune his humble lays —

The Author’s fortune is the meed of praise.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a
 general consideration of the problem of the
 origin of the universe. It is shown that the
 question is not only a philosophical one, but
 also a scientific one. The author discusses the
 various theories which have been advanced to
 explain the origin of the universe, and shows
 that the most plausible of these is the theory
 of the big bang.

The second part of the paper is devoted to a
 consideration of the problem of the origin of
 life. It is shown that the question is not
 only a philosophical one, but also a scientific
 one. The author discusses the various theories
 which have been advanced to explain the origin
 of life, and shows that the most plausible of
 these is the theory of spontaneous generation.

The third part of the paper is devoted to a
 consideration of the problem of the origin of
 the human race. It is shown that the question
 is not only a philosophical one, but also a
 scientific one. The author discusses the various
 theories which have been advanced to explain
 the origin of the human race, and shows that
 the most plausible of these is the theory of
 evolution.

The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a
 consideration of the problem of the origin of
 the human mind. It is shown that the question
 is not only a philosophical one, but also a
 scientific one. The author discusses the various
 theories which have been advanced to explain
 the origin of the human mind, and shows that
 the most plausible of these is the theory of
 the development of the mind.

The fifth part of the paper is devoted to a
 consideration of the problem of the origin of
 the human soul. It is shown that the question
 is not only a philosophical one, but also a
 scientific one. The author discusses the various
 theories which have been advanced to explain
 the origin of the human soul, and shows that
 the most plausible of these is the theory of
 the development of the soul.

The sixth part of the paper is devoted to a
 consideration of the problem of the origin of
 the human body. It is shown that the question
 is not only a philosophical one, but also a
 scientific one. The author discusses the various
 theories which have been advanced to explain
 the origin of the human body, and shows that
 the most plausible of these is the theory of
 the development of the body.

The seventh part of the paper is devoted to a
 consideration of the problem of the origin of
 the human spirit. It is shown that the question
 is not only a philosophical one, but also a
 scientific one. The author discusses the various
 theories which have been advanced to explain
 the origin of the human spirit, and shows that
 the most plausible of these is the theory of
 the development of the spirit.

The eighth part of the paper is devoted to a
 consideration of the problem of the origin of
 the human soul. It is shown that the question
 is not only a philosophical one, but also a
 scientific one. The author discusses the various
 theories which have been advanced to explain
 the origin of the human soul, and shows that
 the most plausible of these is the theory of
 the development of the soul.

The ninth part of the paper is devoted to a
 consideration of the problem of the origin of
 the human body. It is shown that the question
 is not only a philosophical one, but also a
 scientific one. The author discusses the various
 theories which have been advanced to explain
 the origin of the human body, and shows that
 the most plausible of these is the theory of
 the development of the body.

The tenth part of the paper is devoted to a
 consideration of the problem of the origin of
 the human mind. It is shown that the question
 is not only a philosophical one, but also a
 scientific one. The author discusses the various
 theories which have been advanced to explain
 the origin of the human mind, and shows that
 the most plausible of these is the theory of
 the development of the mind.

POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

HALLS OF MY FOREFATHERS.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?

Barbarus has segetes?

VIRGIL.

WHEN the sun of my youth, with its bloom, was declining,

Which beam'd o'er my path in the summer of life;

And the gay dream of fancy, its empire resigning,

Had open'd my eyes to a world full of strife :

I turn'd from false pleasure to sober reflection,

And ponder'd on scenes to fond memory dear ;

And wearily wander'd in mental dejection,

To seek for my home, but the stranger was there !

Halls of my forefathers ! mould'ring in ruin,

Sad is the echo which sighs through your shade ;

Mournful's the wood-pigeon plaintively cooing,

Death-like the tread in your forest decay'd :

There was a time when the harp softly thrilling,

Tales of romance and of valour could tell ;

Halls ! I must quit ye, however unwilling,

Home of my fathers, for ever farewell !

THE TROUBADOUR.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BURNING with love, and bound for fields of glory,

A minstrel, knowing care alone by name,

Thus gaily tun'd his lyre to martial story,

Alike awake to passion and to fame :

Faithful in love, undaunted in his duty,

His firm and feeling hand flew o'er the strings,

He sigh'd and sung, devoted still to beauty,

My heart's my mistress's, my life's my king's.

In the cold bivouac his manly breast

Glow'd with affection, swell'd with warrior-pride ;

Gay was the plumage of his helmet's crest,

Polish'd the lyre and sabre by his side :

He gave each thought to love and to his duty,

And as his hand flew o'er the trembling strings,

He sigh'd and sung, devoted still to beauty,

My heart's my mistress's, my life's my king's.

In gory field his courage he display'd,

And dealt destruction wheresoe'er he came ;

With spirit high, and bosom undismay'd,

As oft he called upon his charmer's name :

For 'midst the deadly perils of his duty,

To which he flew as if on eagle's wing,

He sigh'd and sung, devoted still to beauty,

My heart's my mistress's, my life's my king's.

First of the brave ! at length in bold advance,

His bosom met the blow which clos'd his life ;

He calmly fell beneath the fatal lance,

Amid the din of arms and battle's strife :

Dying, he cried, " here ends the minstrel's duty ;

" No more this hand shall touch the trembling
strings :

" But faithful still to honour and to beauty,

" This heart 's my mistress's, this life 's my
king's.

LINES IN CYMBELINE

VERSIFIED,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE PREMATURE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL
AND INTERESTING YOUNG LADY.

THOU shalt not lack the primrose pale,
Which matches now thy faded cheek ;
Nor shall the azure harebell fail
The lustre of thine eye to speak ;

No, nor the fragrant eglantine
To imitate thy sweeter breath ;
Nor shall rude ivy dare to twine,
Where youthful limbs recline in death :

All these the pious redbreast's bill
Shall ceaseless bring, till flowers are gone ;
And then, well pleas'd to deck thee still,
Thy winter-robe of moss put on.

IMPROMPTU,

ON SEEING A LADY PLACE A ROSE IN HER BOSOM.

WHY blushes thus yon rose so rare ?

'Tis because Emma's far more fair :

Why droops it thus ere set of sun ?

'Tis to behold its charms outdone :

Why sinks it thus those lips beneath ?

Its sweets have flown to Emma's breath.

FRENCH WAR SONG,

TRANSLATED.

THE bugle resounds from afar,
 'Tis the call of our house—I obey ;
I fly to the perils of war,
 Sweet ! weep not the moments away :
But rather exultingly sing
 To thy harp, and be glory the strain ;
Thy love, borne on victory's wing,
 Shall return to thy bosom again.

Yon heaven is the hue of thine eye,
 Bland Zephyr 's less sweet than thy breath ;
 Thy smiles fair Aurora outvie,
 As she beams on the roses beneath :
 Thy bosom 's an empire of charms,
 The down of the swan is less white ;
 But, alas ! must these fond widow'd arms
 Now be torn from that spot of delight !

Whilst I combat, should death be my doom ;
 To fate if my valour must yield,
 Near a torrent, ah ! rear a green tomb ;
 'Twill remind thee of victory's field.
 Whilst thy form shall in orison bend,
 The soul of thy hero above
 In a cloud shall appear to descend,
 To bless thee from regions of love.

The toils of the warrior seem hard,
When a wife and a country he leaves ;
But sweet is that warrior's reward,
And proud is the wreath he receives :
Like the first ray of morn after night,
Is its welcome : then weep not for me ;
Nor think, though no longer in sight,
Aught can part us—my heart dwells with thee.

A FRAGMENT,

IMITATED FROM PETRARCH, AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

 Discolorato hai, morte, &c.

THE brightest eyes the heaven beneath
 Are clos'd by thee, relentless death !
 In vain I sigh, in vain I seek
 The rose and lily of her cheek ;
 The fragrance of her breath is flown,
 Like richest flowers overblown ;
 And sounds to memory sadly dear
 No longer charm affection's ear.
 Dejected Echo now is mute,
 Depriv'd of Laura's voice and lute ;

That voice no more can sounds impart
Which seem'd to vibrate in the heart ;
Her form, of nature's finest mould,
Is lifeless, motionless, and cold ;
Yet still can memory well retrace
The beauties of her form and face.
Laura, my life, my only dear !
Bright tenant of the starry sphere ;
If souls in immortality
Commune with men, oh ! list to me :
In shadowy form my steps attend,
'Till life's imprisonment shall end ;
With thee entomb this heart of mine ;
Let my cold arms be lock'd in thine.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Poor vagrant leaf! the sport of every wind,
Torn from thy blighted parent branch, oh! say,
Where fliest thou, a resting-place to find?
Alas! I know not whither lies my way,
The cruel blast that struck the monarch oak,
Me has bereft of shelter and support;
The trunk still groans beneath the fatal stroke,
And my existence surely must be short:
I know not where I go; the breeze beneath,
Zephyr and Aquilon, on me, in turn,
Exert their empire: now along the heath
I'm driven, but I may not there sojourn.

To hill and valley next I'm forced to stray,
Slave of inconstant winds, without a friend ;
I murmur not, although full well I may ;
Greater than I may have the self-same end.
I go where every thing must go which grows
Beneath the sun, however fair to view,—
The flower of love and youthfulness, the rose,
Ay, and the proud imperial laurel too.

ON
THE KING'S GOING TO IRELAND:

PADDY'S WELCOME TO KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

TUNE—The French Air, “*Vive le Roi.*”

LONG live the King! away with all complaining,
Dried be each tear, and ev'ry care depart;
Joy now succeeds, and, beyond all restraining,
Beams in each eye, and expands in each heart.

Long live the King!

Long live the King!

Long live the King ! our Em'rald Isle possessing,
 Green are her fields, and soft her native lays;
 Now let her harp breathe the tenderest blessing,
 Now let her bards sing their dear Monarch's
 praise.

Long live the King !

Long live the King !

Long live the King ! Hibernia's arms enfold him,
 Dear to each breast that's loyal, brave, and true;
 Prince, Father, Friend ! Erin's children behold him,
 Star of the West ! oft thy visit renew.

Long live the King !

Long live the King ;

Long live the King ! for him the wreath entwining,
Blend with the rose the shamrock's triple leaf ;
Love, peace, and joy, thus together combining,
Smile o'er his path, hope beguiling each grief.
Long live the King!
Long live the King!

A ROMANCE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Vous qui priez, priez pour moi.

IN the gloomy retreat of a hamlet obscure,
A youth, sadly suff'ring, smil'd over his pain ;
For long he had learn'd to submit and endure,
To view life consuming, yet not to complain.
The sun on his thatch cast a lingering ray ;
To the poor humble cottagers softly said he,
“ I hear the bell tolling which calls you to pray,
Forget not to pray, my good neighbours, for me.

“ But when, at grave twilight, the murm’ring cascade,

Its gentler waters shall give to the rills,

And the willow shall cast o’er its features a shade,

Ah ! think that I then am releas’d from all ills.

Though faint and though sick, long dejected I lay,

Ah ! think that at last the pure spirit is free ;

And when the bell tolls to invite you to pray,

Forget not to pray, my good neighbours, for me.

“ Like the blossom that’s blown, but is wither’d

the morrow,

I’m doom’d to the grave ere the hour of my prime ;

The child of affliction, a being of sorrow,

Yet young in transgression, a stranger to crime :

The term of my pilgrimage passes away,

Not long this emaciated form you will see ;

Then when the bell tolls to invite you to pray,

Forget not to pray, my good neighbours, for me.

“The spouse of my bosom, the friend of my heart,
I liv’d but for her, but the season was brief;
In the morning of life we were destin’d to part,
Ah ! pity, dear cottagers, pity her grief!
When cold in my lone bed reposes my clay,
And when these wan features no longer you see ;
That friend of my bosom will join when you pray,
As the bell tolls as if it were tolling for me.”

ON LOVE.

[A young Lady having asked for a translation of the following lines from La Fontaine, the Author of the trifles in verse which compose this volume made it off-hand.]

L'AMOUR, a ce qu'on dit empeche de dormir,
 S'il a quelque plaisir, il ne l' a pas sans peine,
 Voyez la tourterelle, entendez la gemir,
 Vous vous garderez bien de condamner Clymene.

Love, blissful love, is close allied to pain,
 It haunts the sleepless eye and aching brain;
 List to the turtle-dove's soft plaintive moan,
 Then blame not fair Clymene, pensive grown.

IMPROMPTU,

ON TOUCHING A YOUNG LADY'S HAND OF EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY, WHICH OCCASIONED HER TO BE STARTLED.

WHEN my rude hand encounter'd thine,
Alas! I felt the shock was such,
As if a sacred spotless shrine
Were trespass'd on by heathen touch:
For that soft hand, so lily white,
An emblem of thy fairer mind,
Beams, unperceiv'd by vulgar sight,
A jewel of the rarest kind.

A LATIN EPIGRAM,

TRANSLATED.

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonida sinistro, &c.

FROM Acon cruel fortune stole one eye,
 From fair Leonida another took :
 In beauty with the gods they both could vie,
 And each enamour by a single look.
 Ah ! give, fond youth, the only eye thou hast,
 To deck the maid who needs it more than thee ;
 Blind Cupid then by thee will be surpass'd,
 The bright-eyed Queen of Beauty she will be.

LOS OJOS DE FILIS.

A tus hermosos ojos
No hay alma que resista,
Y presa de tu vista
No quede enamorada.
Que hermosa Filis eres ;
Si fueras mas humana,
Y ardieras en la llama
En que me abraso yo !

PHILLIS'S EYES.

'GAINST thy enchanting eyes

Our love has no control ;

They take us by surprise,

And captivate the soul.

Yet, Phillis, thou would'st be

Still lovelier than thou art,

If pity dwelt in thee

For this consuming heart.

El tierno amor se anida
Dentro tus ojos bellos,
Y viene en torno de ellos
Las gracias y las risas.
Que hermosa, Filis eres
Si fueras mas humana,
Y ardieras en la llama
En que me abraso yo !

De tus divinos ojos
La llama luminosa
Brilla en tu faz hermosa
Cual sol en el oriente.
Que hermosa, Filis eres ;
Si fueras mas humana,
Y ardieras en la llama
En que me abraso yo !

Yet love can all the while

Within those orbits dwell,

And grace light up each smile,

T' increase the fatal spell.

Yet, Phillis, thou would'st be

Still lovelier than thou art,

If pity dwelt in thee

For this consuming heart.

The light of rising day

More brilliant cannot shine,

Than the resplendent ray

Of those sweet eyes divine.

Yet, Phillis, thou would'st be

Still lovelier than thou art,

If pity dwelt in thee

For this consuming heart.

TO LADY GRANT,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I HAVE no vernal wreath to bring,
No fragrant flow'rs, the pride of Spring ;
No costly present, rich and rare,
Befitting of a lady fair :
My humble lay, devoid of art,
Obeys the language of the heart ;
Untutor'd, rude, and unrefin'd,
Not half the feeling of the mind ;
Such as it is, accept the lay,
Not the mere offering of *a day* ;

Not fix'd to period or to clime,
But still immutable by time ;
Lady, farewell ; thou 'rt ever dear,
On every day, and every year.

MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS,

AN IMITATION.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart 's ever there,
It dwells in the country to memory dear ;
With the eagle and roe my affections take flight,
And the rock and the mountain are still my delight :
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart 's ever there,
It dwells in the country to memory dear.

My heart 's mid the hether, my heart 's on the hill,
It sighs o'er the lake, and it lingers there still ;
It lurks in the brechen, it doats on the moor,
It swells near the cairn of our heroes of yore :
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart 's ever there,
It dwells in the country to memory dear.

My heart's in the garb which my forefathers wore,
The tartan, the bonnet, and gallant clay-more ;
The clay-more so trusty, the bonnet so blue,
The plaid, and the arms still to victory true :
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart's ever there,
It dwells in a country to memory dear.

My heart clings to clanship and usages old,
It bounds to the pipe and the pibroch so bold ;
It burns at the war-shout of mountaineer brave,
In battle or death-song o'er warrior's grave :
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart's ever there,
It dwells in the country to memory dear.

LINES

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A MOSS-ROSE FROM THE LATE
COUNTESS OF BELVIDERE.

WHY, when thy hue can match the blushing morn,
Fav'rite of Flora ! has her partial power
Form'd only thee * to bloom without a thorn,
The pride, yet envy, of each sister flower ?

'Twas Belvidera's hand that gather'd thee,
And gave an emblem of her placid mind ;
From pride and every rude emotion free,
The gentler virtues there are all combin'd.

Thrice happy rose ! resembling aught so fair,
May'st thou prophetic of her fortune prove ;
Through life's rough path besweets alone her share,
Auspicious Heaven ! the piercing thorns remove.

* Amongst roses.

ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

SLEEP on, ye brave ! no more the trump of war
Shall shake your startled slumbers from afar :
Peace to your shades ! may mercy meet ye all,
And shield ye at the last dread trumpet's call !

IMPROMPTU,

ON SEEING A POOR OLD SOLDIER BEGGING, AND A PERSON REFUSING HIM ARROGANTLY AND CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

Date obolum Belisario.

Lo! where, with age and hardships broken down,
The poor old soldier bares his honest crown
To prosp'rous worldlings, for their paltry pelf,
And for a bit of bread demeans himself:
Beware, ye rich, by whom contempt is given!
Repuls'd on earth, are most receiv'd in heaven!

ON LEAVING IRELAND.

——— *dulcia linquimus arva.* VIRGIL.

DEAR sainted soil ! dear Emerald Isle, adieu !
 Land of the harp, to feeling ever true ;
 Bland are thy breezes, fertile are thy plains,
 Lovely thy nymphs, and valorous thy swains :
 Thy climate well bespeaks the native mind,
 Warm, weeping, generous, and of nature kind.
 The uncertain rainbow to thy shore is dear,
 Shining through storms, and smiling through a
 tear.

Erin, farewell ! for ever, if we part,
 Thy verdure is engraven on my heart

IMPROMPTU,

ON SEEING THE BODY OF THE IMMORTAL LORD NELSON CON-
VEYED TO LONDON BY WATER.

THE troubled wave which bore the hero's bier,
Resigned its load with many a parting tear :
Shall Earth now boast the valiant victor slain ?
Ah ! no : his spirit hovers o'er the main.
Beneath the sod the hero's form may rest,
But still it lives in every seaman's breast ;
'Tis present when the British flag's unfurl'd,
Ensign of victory throughout the world !

BRITANNIA AT THE TOMB OF NELSON :

THE MUSIC OF WHICH WAS COMPOSED BY M. P. CORRI, AND
SUNG AT THE CONCERT ROOMS, EDINBURGH.

BRITANNIA, fam'd for deeds of arms,
Her much-lov'd Nelson seems to mourn ;
Her bosom rent with dire alarms,
Her tears bedew his sacred urn :
And, as she heaved the frequent sigh,
As anguish rent her aching breast,
His glorious spirit hov'ring nigh,
Th' illustrious Genius thus addrest :—
“ My aid to thee I'll still impart,
Thy ancient glory to maintain ;
I live in every seaman's heart,
And still Britannia rules the main.”

Britannia, charm'd to hear the lays,
Exulting rais'd her lovely head ;
“ Thou, like the laurel bloom'st,” she says,
“ In honour's never-fading bed :
And as the boldest Briton's tear
Shall gush as he proclaims thy name,
His breast shall banish ev'ry fear,
Whilst thus he emulates thy fame.
So shall my proud, triumphant bark,
Preserve her standard free from stain ;
And, warm'd by Nelson's vital spark,
Still shall Britannia rule the main.”

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN

OF

OCCIDIT MEA CHARA PANCHARILLA, &c.

DEAR Pancharilla's death I deep deplore,
My light and star of destiny no more !
I trace her shade, whilst fast the salt tear falls,
A solitary mourner in my halls.
Dear one — I'll follow to thy mournful shrine ;
There, as the embracing roots of trees entwine
Beneath the earth, our loves shall so combine,
That we companions of the grave shall be,
No living lovers half so fond as we !

LINES

ON

THE DESTRUCTION OF A COLLEGE GARDEN,

WHERE THE AUTHOR HAD PASSED MANY HAPPY HOURS WITH
A MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND.

THE scenes of our youth, still to memory dear,
Are often retrac'd through warm sympathy's tear;
We fondly look back as to far distant shore,
Like the exile who's sentenc'd to view it no more.
Then how can I wonder that friendship should pay
A sorrowing tribute, a pitying lay,
A sigh of regret, whilst the axe shall remove
A garden once hallow'd by friendship and love?
Its loss is to me like a loss of the heart,
In its doom my affections most keenly take part;

Nay, I fancy almost (though the simile's bold)
That our lot much resembles our parents of old ;
Since we have to regret each fair flower and tree
In a garden which once was an Eden to me.
Yet comfort I find in its present disgrace,
Since soul is confin'd not to period or place ;
For sentiment ne'er shall experience decay,
Through seasons and ages which wither away :
The hand that defiles fair religion's abode,
In sacking the temple, pollutes not its God.
Then peace to those shades which we cannot re-
store,
Affection shall flourish when time is no more.

THE CAPTIVE LARK.

I CANNOT sing—I cannot sing,

My heart is far away ;

Where the wild bird flits on restless wing

Through the merry summer's day.

For once I sung where the green leaf grows

On the mighty forest tree,

And the harebell blue and the red-briar rose,

Were gentle company.

And I have shaken the silver dew
 From the fairies' golden cup,
 And awaken'd the plover and shrill curlew,
 As the monarch sun rose up.

I droop—I droop—I cannot float,
 As a winged voice of air,
 Through the waveless blue like a sunny moat,
 Right merrily—merrily there.

Again the forest walk is green,
 The young leaf bathes in light,
 The primrose springs from its mossy screen,
 As pale as the orb of light.

The cowslip is up and the daisy too,
 To hail the march of Spring;
 And the violet comes with its eye of blue,
 But thither I cannot wing.

I droop—I droop—I cannot sing,

My heart is far away;

Where the wild bird flits on restless wing,

Through the merry summer's day.

ANOTHER TROUBADOUR,

FROM THE FRENCH.

AH ! Ladye sweet, accept the humble lay,
The homage which the minstrel 's proud to pay ;
In cherish'd servitude behold him come
To her whose eyes must fix his future doom :
Behold the Troubadour's fond bosom burn,
Ladye bestow some kindness in return.

Thus sung the minstrel of his faithful flame,
Whilst his soft lyre sigh'd out his Ladye's name :
She was sole mistress of his manly breast,
Which honour, truth, and constancy possess'd ;
Behold, (he sung,) this bosom fondly burn !
Ladye bestow some kindness in return.

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE GRADUATION OF AN IRISH STUDENT IN EDINBURGH.

“PADDY B. is a Doctor,” said Mrs. M’Kee,

To Terence, surpris’d as he heard her :

“Oh ! yes,” she repeated, “he’s got his degree :”

“His degree !” exclaim’d Terence, “Ogh,
murder !”

IMPROMPTU,

ON A PEDANTIC BLOCKHEAD WHO WORE A GREAT QUANTITY
OF HAIR-POWDER.

WITH a head like the Alps Mr. —— ever goes,
Let none the comparison shock ;
Its summit is white as perpetual snows,
And beneath it's an obdurate rock.

DORS MON ENFANT,

A TRANSLATION.

CLOSE, dearest babe, those fev'rish eyes,
Ah! calm that quick convulsive start;
Hush! sweet, nor let those piercing cries
Harrow thy wretched mother's heart.

Thy father, once as fair as thee,
Taught my poor breast with love to burn;
He gain'd my faith, ah! wretched me;
A faith which met not with return.

'Twas hard, 'twas cruel, thus to quit
One who ador'd so tenderly:
Ador'd—by heavens! I love him yet,
And still must love him till I die.

Yes—in thy eyes, thy witching face,

His too attractive mien I see ;

How sweet in every line to trace

All but his cold inconstancy !

At waking, let an artless smile

Cheer me, whilst I thy form embrace ;

But Edwin ! thine was full of guile,

It caus'd my fall, and my disgrace.

Yet, come my babe, our fates we'll join,

Our sad affliction learn to share ;

Thy infant suff'rings shall be mine,

My aged wants must be thy care.

Sleep on, my child, upon thy mother's heart,

'Twill burst in twain whenever we must part.

IRREGULAR STANZAS.

I HAVE wept with a sorrow
To memory dear ;
I have look'd for to-morrow,
With hope and with fear :

I have sigh'd, as I thought
On my childhood gone by ;
The vision which brought
My full heart to my eye :

Happy dream of delight !
Evanescent, brief day ;
The flower, which a blight
Has consign'd to decay ;

Like a leaf which had scarcely
Completed its form,
When the rude winds blew fiercely
Their prey to the storm.

Yet the rose that *has* blown,
Far more sweet will appear ;
Like the joys which we've known,
And record by a tear.

WAR HYMN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

SONS of the soil ! to arms, to arms !
Regret not love and beauty's charms ;
To sire and children bid adieu,
Honour and justice call on you :
March on !—and let proud Gallia know
She wars not with a common foe.
To arms ! to arms !

All in the silence of the tomb,
 (Alas ! how wretched was her doom !)
 The daughter of the Cæsars sleeps,
 O'er whose sad fate an empire weeps :
 Yes, Marie Antoinetta's shade,
 Bids us now draw the battle-blade :
 Advance—and let her murderers know,
 They war not with a common foe.

To arms ! to arms !

Confront that desolating band
 Which devastated Prussia's land;
 Which bends beneath th' Usurper's rod,
 And slaughters nations at his nod :
 Strike, and let those invaders know,
 They war not with a common foe.

To arms ! to arms !

Come, all Germania, join as one,
To avenge the altar and the throne ;
Let the shrill trumpet from afar
Proclaim a retributive war :
Then shall defeated legions know,
They war not with a common foe.
To arms ! to arms !

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

THE blissful moments pass'd with thee,

Graven on memory's page for ever ;

Forgotten cannot be by me,

Lilia ! my love, my life—no, never !

ON A WITHERING ASH-TREE.

DEAR friendly Ash ! which long hast stood,
Companion of unsocial care,
Best lov'd of all the tufted wood,
No more your verdant charms you bear ;
Must thou then perish, hapless tree ?
Emblem of life's uncertainty !

Oft on thy bark, with amorous pen,
The lover grav'd the tender thought ;
Oft from the gay resort of men,
Thy spreading boughs affliction sought :
And pensive oft to court thy shade,
Perchance the fabling poet stray'd.

But now, or parch'd by sultry sun,

Or blighted by the tempest's breath,

Thy head is bent, thy wreck's begun,

And sad thy faded couch beneath :

Whilst all adown the mountain's side

Is borne thy former leafy pride.

Oh ! droop not thus, returning spring

Thy faded health may yet renew ;—

Bland Zephyr's sigh a balm may bring,

With sweet reviving tears of dew :

Not so thy lot, oh ! man, may be ;

A second spring blooms not for thee.

THE CREDITOR.

O! SAY, sweet maiden with the mild blue eye,
Beaming with pity for another's sadness,
Sister of Mercy! dear Humanity!
Whose coming filled each drooping heart with
gladness,
Where hast thou fled—hast fled from men for ever?
Say art thou found within the tyger's den,
And dost thou teach him from his breast to sever
Those cruel feelings we now find in men?

The hungry tiger and the lion fierce,
 For sustenance imbrue their claws in blood ;
 But men, more cruel, brothers' bosoms pierce,
 From sordid avarice, but not for food.
 The eagle soars in air in quest of prey,
 Eager its crying young ones to provide
 With food, their craving hunger to allay,
 And not for sordid gain, or pamper'd pride.

But men, who, not content with common gain,
 Unfeelingly their fellow-men oppress ;
 Look on the poor with coldness and disdain,
 And heedless view their fellow-man's distress.
 How can the creditor for mercy sue—
 That mercy which, by Shakspeare we are told,
 Droppeth from Heaven as the gentle dew,
 Adorning monarchs more than crowns of gold ?

Can he expect that Heaven on him will shower
That mercy, which to others he denies,
Whilst using what he terms his legal power,
Regardless of a wife's or children's sighs ?
A trifling debt, which is to him a mite,
Can that alone induce him to proceed,
(Merely because it is his lawful right)
Against a man whose family's in need ?

Can he behold the children all in tears,
And see the tender mother's anxious gaze,
As her babes' cry for food and fire she hears—
No food has she, no light, nor fuel's blaze :
Oppression's hand to prison bore away
Her mate, once wont to toil with painful care,
Alas ! with small success, the livelong day,
To feed his children, and their morsel share.

Life's a brief span compared with what's to come :

The merciful are numbered with the bless'd ;

Irrevocable is the oppressor's doom ;

The pain will cease of those who were oppress'd.

To day's the rich man's, but not so to morrow ;

The good things of this nether world were his ;

His debtor *then* he gave to bonds and sorrow,

But soon the poor man's home's in realms of
bliss.

LINES

SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN CONSEQUENCE OF A CONVERSATION
ON "WHAT IS LIFE?"

WHAT is life?—a tale oft told,
For ever new, for ever old;
A theme by poets often sung.
What is life? Oh! when we're young,
'Tis like a violet's odour shed,
But, ah! as fleet, its sweets are fled.

What is life?—a meteor's gleam—
A rose-leaf floating on the stream—
A serpent in a flowery chain.
What is life?—'tis like my strain,
Born in mis'ry—but a breath,
Herald to the despot, Death.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR A DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION.

TUNE—*Fleuve du Tage*.

LADIES, deny men,
Spurn their artful pray'r ;
Fetters of hymen
Are the bonds of care.
In men there's no believing,
The sex is all deceiving ;
Then love is turn'd to grieving,
And promises to air.

Ladies, deny men,
Spurn their artful pray'r ;
Fetters of hymen
Are the bonds of care.

If you 've a lover,
Keep him in your chain ;
Once wedlock over,
Charms are used in vain.
As changeful winds are blowing,
Or streamlets daily flowing,
So passion 's always going,
And pleasure 's chased by pain.
Ladies, deny men,
Spurn their artful pray'r ;
Fetters of hymen
Are the bonds of care.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK OF
ANACREON.

ARM'D with a hostile horn, the bull we see,
By nature form'd intrepid, strong, and free ;
Of swiftest feet did nature frame the steed,
Steady in fight and wond'rous in his speed.
The lion, when creation first began,*
Was harmless, ere the fall of guilty man ;
Yet still a deadly fang he always bore,
Since dipp'd, full often, deep in human gore.

* The author is aware that the allusion to the days of Eden does not occur in his old acquaintance, Anacreon ; but he has considered that this broad translation may be permitted, and he may be pardoned for throwing off the slavery of the *verbum verbo* translator condemned by Horace.

The tiger and the bear, from nature's hand,
Had powers destructive ever at command.
To woman nature gave the means to slay,
And wound, but only in a gentler way,
Her charms ! more fell than lion, tiger, bear,
More dangerous far, as twenty times more fair.

TO MRS. R. H. M.

THOU hast not caught me in the net,
 Circe, as dangerous as fair;
Nor is my wavering bosom yet
 Distracted betwixt hope and care.
Go—and exert thy potent spell,
 On other youths essay thy art;
Circe—I bid thee now farewell,
 The conflict's o'er, I've kept my heart.

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL IN THE PUMP-ROOM AT BATH, AND
MADE AT A VERY EARLY AGE, ON MISS M. H—'S SAYING THAT
SHE HAD MADE A CONQUEST OF MR. FLY, OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

ARM'D, with destruction in her eye,

She sallied forth and shot a Fly.

FROM THE SPANISH.

WHEN I'm no more, no tolling bell
A wretched lover's fate shall tell,
Echo alone shall heave the sigh,
Of pitying beauty passing nigh.
No anthem heard, no organ's peal,
The secret of my breast shall steal,
But love-lorn maids shall, o'er my bed,
Strew flowers, with light as fairy tread.

EPITAPH
ON
COLONEL T—N—N,
OF LYING MEMORY.

HERE *lies* T—N—N, neighbours see,
None so little changed as he ;
He, when living, always *lied*,
Still *lies* here, although he died.

THE
MISNOMERS OF THE METROPOLIS.

Miss Fortune 's no fortune at all,

Miss Rich cannot muster a guinea,

Miss Little's a *little* too tall,

Miss Wise is completely a ninny ;

Miss Black is as white as the snow,

Miss Green is as red as a cherry,

Miss Brown's rather greenish or so,

Whilst Miss White is as brown as a berry.

Miss Inchbald 's a fine head of hair,

Miss Hare has got none on her noddle !

Miss Young is old, wrinkled, and spare,

Miss Lightbody scarcely can waddle ;

Miss Heaviside bounds like a roe,

Miss Wild is grave, dull, and uncheery ;

Miss Still is accounted the go,

And Miss Graves is excessively merry.

Miss Sharp has got *blunt*, as they say,

Miss Dark is prodigiously bright ;

Miss Knight has been turn'd into Day,

And Miss Day is to marry a Knight.

Then, here is a health to them all,

Good luck to them, sleeping and waking ;

If 'tis wrong a fair maid to *mis*-call,

Yet there's surely no sin in *Miss*-taking.

SPANISH SERENADING SONG,

TRANSLATED.

Mi dulce amor.

WHEN midnight tolls, and all around,
In stilly silence firm is bound ;
When flowers are clos'd, and echoes cease.
To breathe an accent to the breeze,
Thé faithful Knight his vigil keeps,
Whilst his sweet love in safety sleeps.

Murm'ring, in song, his charmer's praise,
The chord responding to his lays,
His Ladye moves, his Ladye sighs,
Th' enchantment thro' her senses flies,
The faithful Knight his vigil keeps,
When his sweet love no longer sleeps.

The fleeting moments pass away
Before Apollo's envious ray ;
The day comes on, the twilight's gone,
The lover's breast is sad and lone,
No more his watch the Knight may keep,
Though his sweet love pretends to sleep.

FROM THE LATIN.

Somne levis quanquam certissima mortis imago.

LIGHT, downy sleep, of dusky wing,
Though you a sad resemblance bring,
Of death, by sickness fed :
Yet I would woo thy sable charms,
And take thee to my listless arms,
The consort of my bed.

Come, then, thy balmy opiate give,
By which, at once, we die and live ;
Unlock thy hidden treasure,
For sweet it is, thy veil beneath,
In life, to taste the calm of death,
Without the pain,—the pleasure.

CONCLUDING STANZAS.

'Tis not alone the rose's velvet blush
That tempts the roving bee her sweets to share;
The humble violet beneath the bush,
He visits too, and finds out fragrance there.

Thus, though my lay no votive wreath may claim,
My muse no wild enchantment can impart;
Unknown although I be to poet's fame,
Yet may I woo the sympathetic heart.

At love and friendship's temple, now and then,
Still let remembrance shed its fervid dew;
Far from the haunts of proud ambitious men,
My reed and pen, I'll bid ye then adieu!

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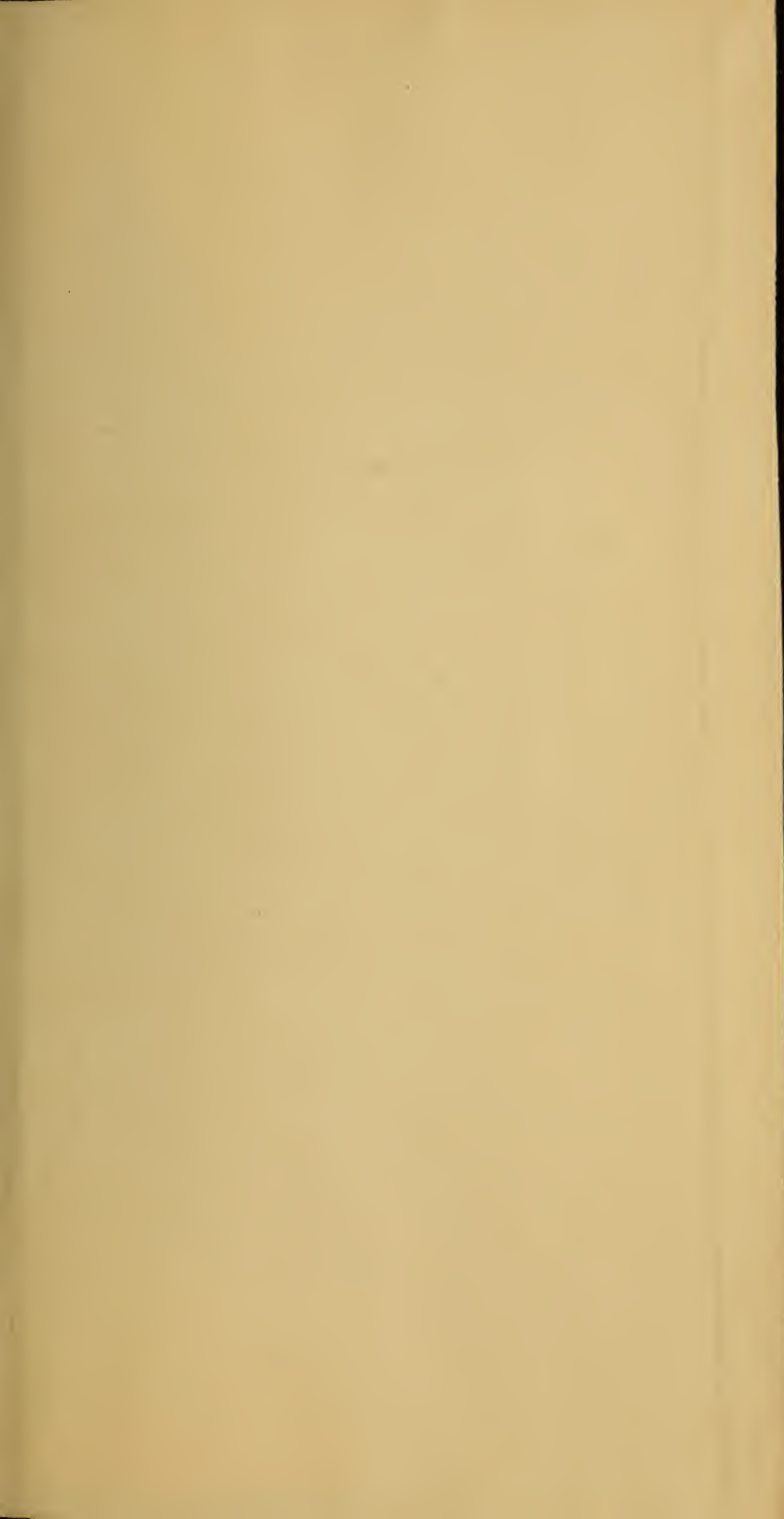
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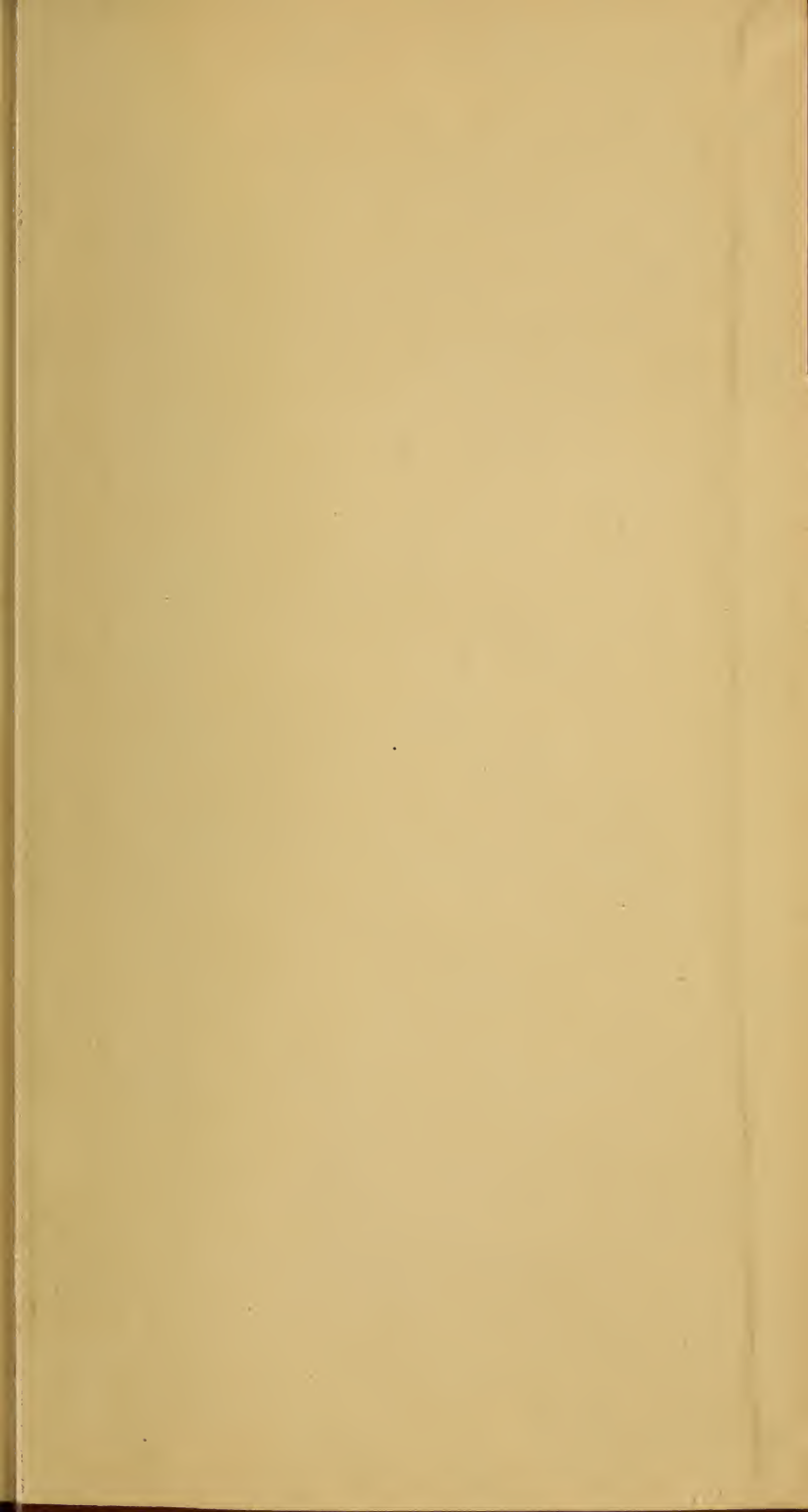


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